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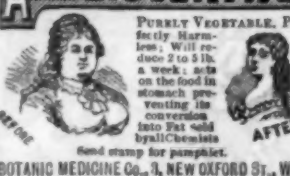
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A SKETCH AFTER THE ITALIAN.

SCENE—The Stalls at a West End Theatre during the performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Enthusiast seated beside party of ladies who have come to see Signora DUSE. The Curtain rises, showing the customary operatic scene among the customary operatic accessories.

Enthusiast. Isn't that charming? So natural. The Gendarme is looking into the police station. And that's the old mother. Excellent.

Young Lady (who has been consulting a brochure). This book of the words does not give much of the dialogue.

Enthusiast. Quite unnecessary. You see the Italian action is so explanatory.

[Enter a woman wearing a white shawl—she converses with her mother—she seems to be much distressed.]

Young Lady. Who is that?

Enthusiast. I don't quite know. One of her friends, I fancy. Isn't it very good?

Young Lady. Excellent. But are we not to have any of the music?

Enthusiast. Oh, no. It would spoil it. The Italian language is so essentially melodious that orchestral accompaniment would be superfluous.

An Actor (throwing his left hand over his shoulder). Mio povero nona l'ascerama de potato!

[Or something that sounds like it.]

Enthusiast. Capital!

Young Lady. What does that mean?

Enthusiast (telling the truth). I can't exactly translate it, but it is wonderfully characteristic.

[The Italian part of the audience roar at some joke or other. The action proceeds. The Soldier flirts with the coquette, and quarrels with his betrothed.]

Young Lady (making a discovery). Why, that must be Signora DUSE—the lady in the white shawl!

Enthusiast. Of course. They call her in Italy La DUSE. Isn't she marvellous!

Young Lady. I dare say. But you didn't recognise her at first?

Enthusiast. Didn't I? Well, one gets so carried away by the poetry of the thing. So good. There, you see he has bitten his ear, and they are going to fight. Capital!

Young Lady. But they have missed out the intermezzo. Surely they might have given us that!

Enthusiast. Well, I don't know. It would have impeded the action of the piece—it's so wonderfully realistic. There, you see, they are ringing the bells. That's because it is Easter Sunday.

[General commotion. A woman rushes on, screaming. Tableau and Curtain.]

Young Lady. Why, it's all over. And we didn't see much of Signora DUSE, did we?

Enthusiast. But she was so good. Wasn't that a wonderful bit of by-play when she put her white shawl over her head?

Young Lady. Yes. But I really think I prefer it with the music.

Enthusiast (in a tone of surprise). Do you? Well, it's a matter of taste.

[After a pause, an act of "GOLDONI's sparkling comedy, 'La Locandiera,'" is played. The actors reproduce the movements of



"SO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

Foreign Owner (very proud of his Stable and his Sporting English—to Nervous Friend). "If you have nothing better to do, PRAY, SIR, COME AND SEE MY CRACKERS."

Friend. "Oh, THANK YOU, VERY MUCH; BUT THE FACT IS—I'M RATHER AFRAID OF FIREWORKS!"

the far-famed Italian Marionettes. La Signora DUSE plays archly, and frequently addresses the Audience. At the end of the Act the Curtain falls, amidst much applause.

Young Lady. As so many people are laughing, it must be very good. But I don't quite understand the fun.

Enthusiast. Oh, didn't you? Why, it's full of good things. Excellent. And now I must say good-bye.

Young Lady. You are not going?

Enthusiast. So sorry. But I have an appointment to keep. The rest of the play is admirable, every bit as good as the First Act.

[He leaves the theatre, and meets a Friend outside.]

Friend. What, are you off?

Enthusiast. Yes, such a pity. Splendid performance, my dear boy. Splendid! You ought to see it.

Friend. I am going to. I have got two stalls for the next performance of the same programme. You shall have one of them, and then you can see it all through from beginning to end.

Enthusiast. I am so sorry, but leaving town. (Bids adieu to his friend, and then murmurs to himself in Anglo-Italian?) Notee eef I knows eet!

[Exit in search of other amusement. Curtain.]

ADAPTATION CRICKET PROPHECY FOR 1893.

—Nothing succeeds like "Sussex"!—(Monday, May 29th.)

ARS LONGISSIMA.

[One of the pictures in the Paris Salon is about forty feet in length.]

This is art! Ça saute aux yeux.

Not en DÉTAILLE, but en gros:

Quite unlike the work of feu MEISSONIER; it is de trop.

Such a noble spread of paint!

Such a mighty work to send!

Why, it almost makes one faint

Just to walk from end to end!

A la longue—"long run" indeed!

Panoramas five yards high

Rolling mechanism need,

We should sit while they pass by.

What? Chasse roulante? That

might do,

But the wall space soon will

cease;

Future works must split in two,

If their sizes still increase.

Sealed by furlongs, not by feet!

We may see in future show,

On some chef-d'œuvre, "Foir la

suite

Dans le prochain numéro."

TWO ROUTES TO HOLLAND FROM

HARWICH.—One the new one to the Hook of Holland, which saves making the two or more hours circumbendibus of the Maas up to Rotterdam. The Pa's, out for a holiday, en garçon, would choose this way in order to avoid the Ma'as. Travellers can now go to Holland by Hook or by Crook. Hook preferred.

ON A SIGNATURE.—One day last week a letter appeared in the Times headed, "A New Street Danger," and signed by "TOM BIRD." The London birds are

uncommonly sly, and the only danger to a simple Tom Bird would be from a crafty Tom Cat. But stay, is there a real TOM BIRD (some relation, perhaps, to JACK DAW?) or is this only a Nom de Plume?

"GOING," BUT NOT "GONE."

"THIS Mansion in St. James's Place,"

So spake the Auctioneer,

"As meeting-ground of wits and Lords,

Is quite without a Peer!

"What offers? FOX and WELLINGTON,

And heaps of famous sodgers,

Here talked with BYRON and with MOORE

When breakfasting with ROGERS.

"SYDNEY SMITH joked, MACAULAY prosed,

LAMB bleated—with a stammer;

And now this home of witty 'Saws'

Of course 'goes to the Hammer.'

"Two thou.!'—Your liver, Sir, is wrong;

Try Karlsbad or Ben Rhydding!

'Three thousand!'—In a bid so low

There's something quite forbidding!

"This lot is such a dismal 'frost,'

It's really hard to thaw it;

And, since its past is not a draw,

At present I withdraw it!"

AFTER THE FOURTH OF JUNE BOATS' BANQUET ON THE BANK. (By an overcame Etonian).—It's a very old school. Old as ADAM. Yes, he was in the Garden of Eton.

FAIR PLAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

(As Mrs. Columbia-Squeers seems to see it.)



Leslie Saunders. Del.

Mrs. Columbia-Squeers.

OPEN YOUR MOUTHS, AND SHUT YOUR EYES
AND SEE WHAT I WILL SEND YOU!

["The dissatisfaction felt with the system proposed by the Bureau of Awards for awarding medals, &c., to the Exhibitors at the Chicago World's Fair has resulted in the Commissioners of the following countries withdrawing their exhibits from competition for awards:—Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Siam, Sweden, and Switzerland."—*The Times*.]

MR. PUNCH reads (in *Nicholas Nickleby*) the following passage:—

"Mrs. SQUEERS stood at the desk, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession; using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some

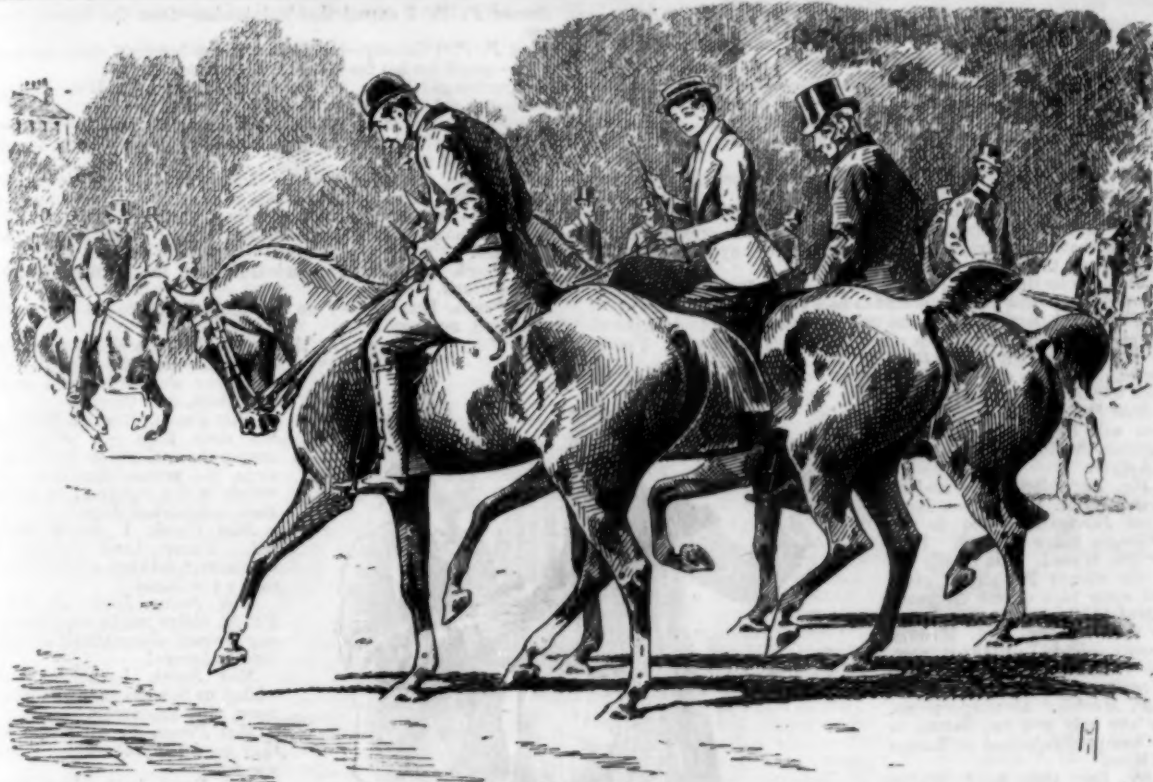
gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably; they all being obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp."

Laying down his DICKENS, Mr. Punch museth:—

Humph! Singularly appropriate! Provision of Genius again. For wonderful adaptability to diverse circumstances, Boz surely stands next to the Divine WILLIAM himself.

So Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS stands at the desk (or bureau), presiding in solitary, self-sufficient singleness, over the distribution of a "delicious compound," let us say.

"I don't know her equal" (said Squeers). "That woman is



JUST OUT.

Jack (in reply to question about his Mount). "No, she's NEVER EVEN SEEN HOUNDS; ONLY JUST OUT O' THE BREAKER'S HANDS, IN FACT. THOUGHT IF I GAVE HER A SEASON IN TOWN SHE'D GET A BIT USED TO COMPANY."
 Cousin Maud. "Ah! 'A SEASON IN TOWN.' WELL—THAT'S ONLY WHAT EVERY *DEBUTANTE* EXPECTS."
 Uncle Ben (who is dreadful with his Chaff). "BY JOVE! JACK MY BOY, YOU 'LL HAVE TO PUT HER INTO *DOUBLE HARNESS* NEXT,—FOR, HANG ME, IF THEY DON'T ALL OF 'EM EXPECT THAT TOO!"

always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creature that you see her now."

Exactly! Limned to the life my BOY. An up-to-date American Note—for General Circulation.

"She is more than a mother to them; ten times more. She does things for them boys, NICKLEBY, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

Right again, to a nicety! Unfortunately, however, even "her own sons" (like Mrs. SQUEERS's "young noblemen") seem rather to disrelish the dose she is intent upon administering, and the way in which she desires to "dab it into 'em." The *Tribune's* correspondent at Chicago telegraphs as follows: "The sentiment among American exhibitors in opposition to the non-competitive plan of the Bureau of Awards is growing, and if the rebellion continues to spread, the expert Judges will find few exhibits to examine, and the Jury of Awards will have 34,000 medals, and a lot of pretty diplomas, on their hands when the summer is gone."

Poor Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS! With a lot of "expensive flower of brimstone and molasses" on hand, and no "boys" willing to be dosed by her energetic hands!

"Open your mouths, and shut your eyes,
 And see what I will send you!"

cries the liberal Lady. And the boys—her own boys, the French, German, British, Italian, Russian, and Japanese, and other boys—ought to echo Mr. SQUEERS's pious "grace after-brimstone," and cry, "For what we have received may the Award-Bureau find us truly thankful." And they don't,—the ungrateful ungracious urchins rebel, and protest, and actually propose to do their own Awarding in the old-fashioned way, and simply ignore Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS and her Brimstone-basin, we mean her "Bureau of Awards."

"The Commissioners of the foreign countries represented have decided to enter into a competition among themselves, to establish a Board of Jurors, independent of those in the American section, and issue diplomas in disregard of Mr. THATCHER's work."

Now this is sad! Bad weather (which is bad luck) and big charges (which are poor policy) are quite sufficient sets-off against what Mr. Punch sincerely hopes will be, all the same, a Big Success. Therefore, he sympathetically submits that Mrs. COLUMBIA (dropping the SQUEERS) should throw over Mr. THATCHER (the obdurate President of the bumptious Bureau of Awards), drop that "common wooden spoon," pitch away the autocratic arbitrary Brimstone-and-Treacle style of diploma-distributing, and so make things fair and pleasant for the "Boys" all round.

'Tis clear that the obdurate THATCHER
 Of trouble all round has proved hatcher.
 But, having dismissed him,
 And that "Single-Judge System,"
 Of success you may yet be a snatcher.

So mote it be, says Mr. Punch heartily.

APPROPRIATE.—At the recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, among the medals distributed was one called "The Gill Memorial Medal," which was presented to Mr. FORBES for his explorations in "the Chatham Islands." Bravo, Mr. FORBES, whose name, in connection with Chatham preceded by "London," and followed by "and Dover," is known to all the travelling world! Though, by the way, by what bye-law, sanctioned in committee, Chatham has been converted into "islands" we are not told. But perhaps the matter is explained by reference to the initials of the prize-medallist, which are "H. O.," and not "J. S."

MRS. R. AS AN INTERPRETER.—Mrs. R. knows her French. Her nephew read an extract from a French newspaper, in which it was said that a French ambassador in England "*doit parler ferme*." "Quite so," interrupted the excellent lady, eager to exhibit her intimate acquaintance with the language. "England is an agricultural country, and a foreign minister who comes here ought to be able to "*parler ferme*," that is, talk about farms and so forth."

ROUND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN GALLERY No. I.

Miss Pennican (of Minerva House, Peckham, entering with her two favourite pupils, Miss ELLA PORTER and Miss LAURA PERCH). Now, my dear girls, I hope you both understand that I shall expect you to show me that my indulgence in giving you this little treat has not been thrown away—

Miss Porter and Miss Perch. I'm sure we're awf—very much obliged to you for bringing us, Miss PENNICAN!

Miss Penn. (calmly concluding her sentence). By writing out, during the recreation-hour this evening, a full description of all the pictures that have attracted your attention, with any reflections that may suggest themselves to you.

Miss Porter (to Miss PERCH, behind their Preceptress's back). There—didn't I tell you she meant to be a Pig!

Miss Perch (sotto voce). If she thinks we're going to describe all the pictures, and find our own reflections, she's mistaken! I mean to crib all mine out of the Illustrated, and you can get yours from the Graphic, you know.

Miss Penn. (with satisfaction). You will find it an invaluable exercise in English composition and style.

Mr. Spreadtail (a true-born Briton, to M. MACHIN, an Intelligent Foreigner, whom he has obligingly taken in tow). Here we are, M'soo! This is only one of the rooms; but still it gives you some idea of the enormous extent to which Art is carried on in this country. (M. MACHIN assents politely.) I take it, now, you've no Exhibition in Paris to be compared to this.

M. Machin. To compare—no. We've only now two Salons, in the Champs Elysees and the Champs de Mars.

Mr. Spr. Only two? We've got dozens of small shows, if that's all; but here you get the pick of the basket, y' know.

M. Mach. (to himself). Sapristi! Est-il embêtant avec sa pioche! (Aloud.) I am 'appy to get a peek viz you. Already I ave so pleasure to be'old a portrait of SARGENT—magnifique, zie "Mistadi Agnew," hein! C'est ravissante, ca!

Mr. Spr. Ah—clever enough, in its way, I daresay, but too French for My tastes. We like more finish in our portraits, M'soo. There's a picture up there. I see, that seems to be a subject from King Lear. (He refers to his catalogue.) Ah, I thought I wasn't mistaken—SHAKESPEARE, our great National Poet, y' know. I suppose you know something of him?

M. Mach. Mais oui—parfaitement. I've read 'im—but, for me, vous savez, he is a poet vary doeficult to comp'rend.

Mr. Spr. Never found him so myself, M'soo. I like to dip into him—occasionally, when I've nothing else to do, y' know.

M. Mach. (to himself). How he is astonishing, this man, with his "peeks" and his "deeps"! Decidedly I am not in my proper place here.

A Critical Matron (before "The Girlhood of St. Theresa"). Too much expression in the girl's face, my dear; and I don't consider all that heavy embroidery at all suitable to a child of her age—do you? [Her companion thinks it "peculiar," but commends the orange in the boy's hand.]

A Phlegmatic Man (to his wife). Ex—I rather like that. His Wife (indifferently). Which? Oh, that one. (She allows her eye to rest on it for about a second.) No, I don't think I care for it much.

The Phlegm. Man. Well, of course it's—
[He finds it too much trouble to select an adjective, and leaves his sentence suggestively incomplete.]

IN GALLERY No. II.

First Practical Person (before "The New Will"). It's a stupid subject—but the room's nice—old-fashioned, though.

Second P. P. I expect that's intended—from the dresses, you know.

First P. P. I daresay—but he's put the lawyer's chair too near the fire—much too hot for him in winter-time.

A Sportsman (before "The King's Libation"). H'm—half-a-dozen lions—not a bad bag with one bow and arrows!

His Friend. Not if he killed 'em all himself; but depend upon it those chaps behind with the javelins did the business, and he gets all the credit of the shoot.

Miss Penn. (arriving with her charges). This is a picture, girls, which you will on no account omit to mention in your theses. It represents an Assyrian Monarch thanking the Gods—(she consults her catalogue)—Nin (or Ninip) and Nergal, on his return from a lion-hunt.

Miss Perch. I don't see Nip and Gurgle in the picture, though, Miss PENNICAN.

Miss Penn. Because they are very properly left to the spectator's imagination, my dear.

Miss Porter (relieved). Oh, then we needn't describe them—only the king and the dead lions? But why should he spill wine over them, poor things?

Miss Penn. It was a libation, my dear ELLA—a ceremony among the ancients on such occasions, the precise significance of which is not apparent in these more enlightened days.

Miss Perch. I should think not. Fancy Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL making all that fuss over a few lions!

Miss Penn. (severely). Miss PERCH, oblige me by suppressing any flippant observations of that kind in future!

Miss Perch. I thought you wished us to make our own reflections, Miss PENNICAN.

Miss Penn. By all means, if they are intelligent—which yours was not.

Miss Perch. (sotto voce to Miss PORTER). Go on—it's your turn to make one next time. I'll back you up!

[Miss PORTER intimates that she does not feel equal to the effort.]

The Phlegm. Wife (to her Husband). That's not badly done!

Her Husband. Think not? It—er—seems to me the King is rather —

[He forgets what he considered the King was rather, and evades the difficulty by moving on as before.]

IN GALLERY No. III.

Miss Penn. (before "The Funeral of a Viking"). You see what the subject is—it illustrates in a highly impressive form the

practice of burying deceased warriors in—er—that period; the body, you see, attired in the dead man's richest armour, was placed on board his ship, and then, having previously set fire to it, they, &c., &c.

Miss Perch. ELLA has a reflection, Miss PENNICAN—a really intelligent one! (Miss PORTER denies the impeachment.) You know you have, ELLA, only you don't like to say it out loud.

Miss Penn. I shall be happy to hear it, my dear, whatever it is.

Miss Perch. ELLA thinks that burning a ship whenever they wanted to bury a man was rather like the old Chinese way of doing things.

[ELLA looks as learned as possible at such short notice.]

Miss Penn. A very thoughtful comparison, ELLA—but why Chinese?

[ELLA makes despairing signals to her friend.]

Miss Perch. Why, you know how they used to burn down their house in order to get roast pig—it reminded her of that, didn't it, ELLA?

[Mute indignation and reproach on Miss PORTER's part.]

Miss Penn. If I hear any more such frivolous comparisons, Miss PORTER, you will write out your essay in French!

Miss Perch (to Miss PORTER, soothingly). Never mind, dear, you can make a reflection for me. I don't care how idiotic it is!

First P. P. What's that green affair up there, 228, with a girl, and something like a ghost leaning over her?

Second P. P. (referring to Catalogue). "Thereto the Silent Voice replied."



First P. P. That must be bosh. How the deuce can a Silent Voice reply?

Second P. P. Well, that's what they've got it down as.

IN GALLERY NO. IV.

Miss Perch (before "The Child Handel"). I wish people objected to my getting up early to practice. They wouldn't have to hide the piano away in the attic for me!

IN GALLERY NO. V.

First P. P. "The Sleep of the Gods;" chosen a nice damp place for it, seemingly. They'll all wake up with rheumatism, Gods or no Gods!

Second P. P. (reading from Catalogue). "Ecohe! ah! Ecohe! Ah! Pan is dead." The brown one's Pan, I suppose, though he don't look particularly dead, but which of 'em's Evohe?

[They give it up.

Miss Pemm. (hastily). Yes, my dears, yes—a mythological subject—we've no time to look at it now. There's a picture up there of a nurse pouring out tea for a sick child, which I particularly wish you to observe.

IN GALLERY NO. VI.

A Philosophic Visitor (before "A Glass of Wine with Caesar Borgia"). Yes, he knows the particular bin that came from—and he'd like to get out of it if he could. Pity he didn't join the Blue Ribbon before dining out with a family of that sort—but there, I daresay they'd have doctored his ginger-beer, then! They did their guests well, those Borgias!

The Person (who always goes wrong if there's half a chance). I suppose that's the picture there's been so much talk about—"Four Health." They're all portraits of well-known people, my dear—but I don't seem to recognise any of them. That can't be IRVING as Cardinal Wolsey, can it?

Mr. Spr. (to M. MACHIN (before a domestic subject). Now here's one of our characteristic subjects—just a quiet English family at home—that's one of the things you haven't got in France, M'soo, no home life, you know. I'm right there, eh?

Mr. Machin (who is getting restless). You are alwis raight, my dear. In France ve 'ave no mozzor, no vife, no 'ome—nossing at all! (To himself.) Hast thou finished making a head, old TARTUFE?

Mr. Spr. Bless my soul, I'd no idea it was as bad as that. It's a wonder you're no worse than you are!

ON THE STAIRCASE.

I call it quite up to the average—such perfectly delightful puppies and kittens! . . . Not a good Academy this year; the only wedding I saw was a Silver one, and not more than two funerals, and one of them was a Viking's! . . . Miss PERCH, you will be good enough to write one half of your essay in French, and the other in German, and be kept in for the rest of the week. And you, Miss PORTER, will write out, "It is irreverent and unladylike to giggle at solemn subjects" fifty times, in your neatest handwriting, before breakfast. And I shall not take you to have afternoon tea at a confectioner's as I fully intended. . . . Bother the beastly old Academy! I wish it was burnt, I do!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 29.—Lohengrin. Who would be the manager of an opera? To manage a theatre is a fairish trial for ordinary mortals, but to have the responsibility of an opera, where the attraction of the evening is seriously endangered by the absence of one single individual, is enough to turn the hair prematurely grey. No wonder that Madame OBERLSEN seemed nervous when called upon to sing MELBA's part of Elsa. GIULIA RAVOGLI—always "something about GIULIA so very peouliar"—is a first-rate dramatic, as well as excellent operatic Ortruda. Signor VIGNAN and the rest good as before. House choke full.—white choker full.

Tuesday.—Those who did not hear Madame CALVÉ as Carmen lost a real treat, musically and dramatically. This is one of the successes of the season; at present the greatest success. An operatic actress who gives us the perfect ideal of Santuzza and Carmen is indeed a *rara avis*. Mlle. ARNOLDSON sang sweetly as Michaila ("Mickie Ellar" some people pronounce it, as if she were Irish), and, with Madame CALVÉ, was summoned in front of the curtain to share in the general tribute of praise. House crowded, and thoroughly appreciative. *Salve Calé!*



Good Knight.

Wednesday.—"Happy Thought" of Sir DRURIOLANUS for Derby Night—"Give The Favourite." Sir DRURIOLANUS changed his mind and substituted *Philemon et Baucis*. Title with a special flavour of *Punch* in it, as MARK LEMON (not PHIL LEMON) was Mr. P.'s first Premier, and the primeest of his Prime Ministers.

Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson-Baucis charming, and Messieurs Bonnard-Philemon, Castelmarty-Vulcan, and Jupiter-Plançon make up an exceptionally good cast. Well, if it is not *La Favorita*, as was expected, at all events it gives us two favourites, the opera itself, and Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON. After which LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. This grows upon the audience. It must not be compared with *Cavalleria*. Let them be considered apart. *Pagliacci* has jumped into favour at once, through the music, but especially through the acting and singing of Signor ANCONA as Tonio, and of Signor DE LUCIA as Canio. Most powerfully dramatic opera, and who has not seen ANCONA and DE LUCIA in this, and DUFRICHE, VIGNAN, and CALVÉ in MARCAGNI's *Cavalleria*, and CALVÉ in *Carmen*, has yet three great dramatic and operatic treats in store for him.

Thursday.—*La Juive*. "A Grand Opera in four Acts." SCRIBE's libretto; tragie-story; HALÉVY's music. Somewhat conventional. Book well worth the money; very amusing on account of the English libretto, which is, as almanacks have it, "Old style." First appearance of Mlle. VASQUEZ as *Rachele*. Not much chance for her in this, but so far so good. Funny make up of Signor GIANNINI as *Eleazar the Jew*, with a couple of side curls, just for all the world as if he were wearing an old-fashioned frump's false front. Regret artist not here to sketch him. Sometimes he reminds me of Mrs. Gamp, in that immortal scene where she is pledging *Betsy Prig*, and sometimes he reminds me of the latter lady. These curls do it. Why shouldn't he make *Eleazar* dignified? at all events, as dignified as *Shylock*? Between GIANNINI and PLANÇON, as Cardinal, honours easy. SIGRID ARNOLDSON nice as *Principessa Eudossia*, but character hardly in her line. Somehow *La Juive* more popular abroad than here. However, Sir DRURIOLANUS gives it, as he gives everything, his very best care and attention. Wonderful man Sir DRURIOLANUS! German Company, French Company, Italian Opera, Palace Theatre, Provincial Companies, and a few other things besides, all on at once. "How do you do it?" I ask. He smiles warily. "*L'Etat c'est moi*," says Sir DRURIOLANUS COVENT-GARDENSIS. "It's all done by kindness," he adds pleasantly, as he bids me "good night," being button-holed by an Ambassador, a musical Peer, a French critic, an Italian agent, and a suggesting subscriber, all at once.

Saturday.—CALVÉ: excellent in *Pêcheurs des Perles*, and admirable in *Cavalleria Rusticana*.



"La Favorita."

TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

["Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you are a fellow."]

YE Admirals, who brave for us the battle and the breeze,
What meaneth all this hitching of your trousers?
Why are timbers to be shivered, what makes you ill at ease,
Ye briny, tarry, glim-destroying dousers?

Has Britain lost an ironclad, that makes you pipe your eye?
Have reefs been found improperly projecting?
Has a hundred-tonner burst and blown a company sky-high,
Whose remains will take a week in the collecting?

Has France destroyed our commerce? Has Russia burnt our towns,

That ye rage in all this nautical commotion?
Has a Dutchman, curse his broomstick, gone and anchored in the Downs?

Has a Yankee fleet outfought us on the ocean?

Then an Admiral made answer, and gloomy was his face,
And his voice was like the booming of a 'cello,
"Avast there with your fooling; there's a lady in the case,
A lady whom they want to make a Fellow.

"A lady an explorer? a traveller in skirts?

The notion's just a trifle too seraphic:
Let them stay and mind the babies, or hem our ragged shirts;
But they mustn't, can't, and shan't be geographic."

And still the salts are fuming, and still the ladies sit,
Though their presence makes these tars, who women trounce,
ill.

For no woman, bless her petticoats, will ever budge a bit,
Having once been made a Fellow by the Council.



ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS.

"I MUST WARN YOU, VICAR—YOU'RE THE ONLY GENTLEMAN—AND YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE US ALL FOUR IN TO DINNER!"
 "FOREWARNED IS FOUR-ARMED, MY DEAR MRS. MASHAM!"

AT THE WESTMINSTER "TOURNAMENT."

SWORD V. BAYONET.

It draws—like a big moral magnet,
 This long and sensational duel.
 Will sword really spifficate "bagnet,"
 Or "bagnet" give swordsman his gruel?
 So everyone asks as he gazes,
 Eyes eager, attention ne'er nodding,
 At sword's flashing silvery mazes,
 At Bayonet's pitiless prodding.

They go it like regular demons!—
 Minor champions try at Tent-pegging,
 "Heads and Posts," or the Slicing of
 Lemons;
 But these for applause may go begging.
 Burly HARCOURT may cross his long lance
 With BALFOUR's light blade, keen as
 razor;
 Men scarcely vouchsafe them a glance,
 But *this* fight absorbs every gazer.

There is not a swordsman like WILL,
 Has not been since old days of DIZZY;
 The foe who would baffle his skill,
 Will have to look sharp, and be busy.
 But JOE with his bayonet-prods
 Is a most unmistakable "snorter";
 He's willing to fight against odds,
 And he neither gives in, nor gives quarter.

There's hardly a man woman-born
 Can stand that redoubtable shock of his.
 Moreover jimp JOSEPH has sworn ^(his)
 To have WILLIAM off that "old crook" of
 He hates the Old Man, his Old Horse,
 His old-fashioned, punctilious fighting.
 JOE trusts to shrewd pitiless force,
 The old rules of chivalry slighting.

No LANCELOT scruples in JOE!
 But JOE is a strong, clever fellow.
 Good judges declare they scarce know
 How these rivals will end their duello.
 Meanwhile 'tis a rattling good fight
 (No mere up-and-down, hugger-mugger)
 'Twixt the Old Man with soul of a Knight,
 And the Young Man, with style of a
 "Sluggo."

"ANGLING."—Says the *Times*, in a note
 under the foregoing heading, "*The coarse
 fish-anglers will be able to resume sport on
 June 16.*" Shade of Old ISAAC! Can the
 line of "Gentle anglers" be so degenerated
 that it has come at last to be "Coarse fish
 anglers?" "Fish" is unnecessary, as no
 one "angles" for anything but fish, except
 at billiards. But, as KIPPERED HERRING
 says, "this is another story."

THAT CASSOWARY'S COMPLAINT.

(Private and Confidential.)

PUNCH! I am that Cassowary,
 On the plains of Timbuctoo;
 I did bolt that missionary,
 Hat, and boots, and hymn-book too.

But did quarying quidnunc follow
 (Such do THACKERAY's doggerel quote),
 Him I'm sure I could not swallow;
 He would stick in my poor throat!

Ask the ostrich or the emu,
 Ask the cormorant or the shrike;
 Ask the osprey, ask the sea-mew,
 If such morsel tough *they* like.

Tenpenny nails, Tibet Mahatmas,
 I could swallow at a pinch;
 Bony black papas and fat mas,
 I would bolt and never flinch.

Send me out an Astral Body,
 A sea-serpent or a spook;
 A Salvationist in shoddy,
 Weird BLAVATSKY's wildest book:

ASHMEAD BARTLETT's last oration,
 The next "play" of OSCAR WILDE;
 TYNDALL's thumpingest jobation,
 RANDOLPH's rhetoric when most riled;

The MACULLUM MORE on Whiggery,
 Proofs of four-dimensioned space;
 Or that Mongoldom and Niggery
 Must absorb the Human Race.

OLCOTT's Karma, ISEN's Troll-dom,
 BESANT's dismal "Devachan"!
 Mystic theories of Soul-dom,
 Monstrous avatars of Man!

Anything that's heavy, hollow,
 Nauseous, tough, or indigestible;
 And I'll undertake to swallow
 It as a mere light comestible.

But the man with a new "variant"
 Of TITMARSH's quaint quatrains?
 No; the hungriest Cassowary aint
 Equal to *that* peptic strain!

"CONSPICUOUS BY ABSENCE."—Monday,
 May 29th, was a "Collar Day" Levée at
 St. James's Palace. Mr. GLADSTONE was
 not present! Why? No Collars home
 from the waah in time? Too bad!



THE PARLIAMENTARY "TOURNAMENT."



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QUITE THE FIRST MRS. TANQUERAY.

THE *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is Mr. PINERO's latest, and far and away his best piece. The plot is simple, and intensely interesting; the characters marked, clearly drawn, and distinct; the situations natural and powerful; the dialogue appropriate, and spontaneously witty. Thus in construction and dialogue it is a model play. There is no waste of words, there are no sharp-sounding but pointless attempts at epigram dragged in neck and crop anyhow, no re-setting of old saws, no crackling of thorns to keep the pot a-boiling, no furbishing up of old Jo Millers, no attempt at passing

off paste for diamonds. A bold author is Mr. PINERO, being an English dramatist, to conceive such a play, still bolder to write it; and bolder still was the manager who, with all the audacity of youth, has dared to produce what I venture to think would not, some years since, and not so very long ago either, have passed the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Dramatic Licensing Office.

The story is of how a kindly-natured, somewhat eccentric widower, of between forty and fifty years of age, with an unsatisfactory experience of wedded life, becomes so enamoured of a courtesan, one of the upper *demi-monde*, that he determines to "make an honest woman of her," by marrying her. That is all; and enough too. She is not a French *Manon Lescaut*, nor a conveniently-consumptive Italian *Violetta*. No; she is "English, you know," a thorough, right-down Londoner, no matter where she was born and bred; and of her parentage, whether gentle or simple, there is scarcely a hint in the play. What was she? What was her bringing up? What ought by right to have been her position in life? Was she a waif and stray from the commencement? One allusion to her early youth gives her pause—so natural a pause, too! the perfection of art!—for a moment, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, she dismisses the recollection. She has learnt the piano, that is evident; she has a refined taste, oddly enough, in music; she is loving, she is vulgar; she can purr, she can spit; she is gentle, she is violent; she has good impulses, and she is a fiend incarnate; she is affectionate, she is malicious; generous and trusting, selfish and suspicious; she is all heart and no soul; she is a Peri at the Gates of Paradise; she is a *bête fante* that should be under lock and key.

And not SARA BERNHARDT herself, mistress of all feminine feline arts as she is, could play this part better than Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. It is a wonderful performance, most striking, most convincing, from the utter absence in it of all apparent consciousness of the effects she is producing. She is to be most sincerely congratulated; so is Mr. PINERO, most heartily, as indeed may he to be on the entire representation from every point of view. Mr. ALEXANDER has never been better, indeed has never been so thoroughly and entirely good. One word of friendly warning; the telling effect of his pauses is endangered by their being unreasonably prolonged. On the stage a second's pause, "as well he knows it," seems a good five minutes to an audience, and that five minutes "wait" is fraught with danger to all; it is here "*momentum unde pendet aeternitas*." On the other hand, his great scene with his wife, where the action is rapid and impulsive, when at last the truth will out, and where he dominates her by his suddenly uncontrollable violence, is very fine, both for him and for her.

Is there a moral to this wretched history? Why should there be? Why should there be any moral except for those who contemplate taking such a step as did *Aubrey Tanqueray* in this play, and to them the advice is summed up in Mr. Punch's immortal advice to "persons about to marry," i.e. "Don't."

I cannot say that the title is an attractive one; perhaps, in its original form, it occurred to Mr. ARTHUR PINERO as "*The Second-hand Mrs. Tanqueray*." The names of his *dramatis personae* are

not happy—*Tanqueray* is a peculiar, but far from unfamiliar, name, associated chiefly, I fancy, with the wine trade. *Sir George Orreyed, Bart.*—pronounced "Orrid"—speaks for itself; the part of the sodden fool is capably played by Mr. VANE-TEMPER; the name of *Frank Misquith, Q.C., M.P.*, is a sort of compound of FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.; *Gordon Jayne, M.D.*, is not very far off what it rhymes with, yclept QUAIN, M.D.; and *Cayley Drummie* suggests at once to all who remember *Great Expectations*, the name, but not the person, of *Bentley Drummie*, to whom Mr. Jagers took so great a fancy.

Curious to note that, though this is the first piece on any English

stage, within the last half century, in which a spade is most decidedly shown to be a spade, yet has Mr. PINERO been afraid to let his undisciplined heroine, who does not stick at a trifle and who will blurt out anything that comes uppermost in her thoughts, utter point-blank the most simple statement of fact either when she is making her confession to her husband, or when she is confronted with *Hugh Ardale* (a very difficult part, brusquely played by Mr. BEN WEBSTER), her former lover-in-chief. No doubt he permitted the woman to retain this shred of delicacy



Proceeding by leaps and bounds. The *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* a good first.

for the sake of actress and audience. But in such a play as this, the dramatist who compromises is lost.

The *Second Mrs. T.* marks an epoch in our dramatic annals. It is every inch a play. Whether this dramatic food is too strong for "the young person," and whether, on that account, the elder persons will not patronise it, remains to be seen. But for Mr. PINERO, for Mr. ALEXANDER, and for Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL this success is "a record."

PRIVATE BOX.

"THE LIGHT DUES QUESTION," in which "quite another STOREY," M.P., is interested, is a matter of importance to a great number, but to a still greater number, in fact to everyone, the Heavy Dues Question, as to when they are coming, and specially the same question as to the Heavy Rain, is of the farthest-reaching interest. As *Macbeth*, even without an umbrella, observes of the rain, "Let it come down." But then he perhaps was on friendly terms with the Clan McIntosh.

Cracked!

(By a Cynic, after seeing a certain Play.)

"CRACKED lives to mend!" some cry. It sounds like mockery, For broken lives are unlike broken crockery. Society gives once shattered crocks no quarter; It votes that mended lives will not hold water: Though Charity's cement may do its best, Cracked characters, when rung, won't stand the social test!

MRS. R. ON A PROBABILITY.—Mrs. R. had heard that Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was to be made Her Majesty's "Master of the Musick." "Dear me!" exclaimed the worthy lady, "it seems rather hard that they can't find a better appointment for him, considering all he has done—(wasn't he on the stage, too, playing in SHAKESPEARE?)—to make him only a Music-Master! Of course he'll have to teach all the youngest Members of the Royal Families—but that will be hard work."

NOTE (on the objection of Mr. Hicks to the admission of Ladies as Members of the Royal Geographical Society).—"HICKS' objects to 'Haes.'"

"A NON EST MAN."—Proverbial saying adapted to the case of Mr. J-B-Z S. B-L-F-E. "Let us speak of a man as we don't find him."

THE F.R.S.'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is believed by many worthy people the greatest honour on earth?

Answer. To be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Q. What are the qualifications for such an election?

A. To be fairly popular with a narrow clique.

Q. If a candidate does not possess this popularity, what may he expect?

A. A hostile circular suggesting, in lieu of his own reception, the election of someone else.

Q. What is considered a disqualification for the honour?

A. To have contributed to the newspapers.

Q. Is there no exception to this rule?

A. Yes. A scientist may write letters to the press upon general subjects if he is careful to put his name in full, with initials of his degrees complete.

Q. How long does it take a man of science, of a retiring temperament, to become a Fellow of the Royal Society?

A. About a quarter of a century.

Q. Cannot an energetic scientist obtain the distinction in a shorter period?

A. Certainly; in about a twentieth of the time.

Q. Does the election of an energetic scientist impede the promotion of outsiders?

A. Unquestionably, because the energetic scientist, feeling that his own election has been too expeditious, attempts, by preventing the election of other candidates, to maintain the proper average.

Q. Does there exist any power



THE NEW DEAN.

"'E WOULDN'T STOP A PIG IN AN ENTRY! COULD 'E, JIM!"

outside the Society to respond to the claims of justice?

A. Yes; the Press, when invoked, possesses the necessary authority.

Q. Is this fortunate?

A. Certainly; for did not the Press possess the wholesome power, the letters F.R.S. would stand for farce!

WETTER-INARY TREATMENT.

—Mr. WYNDHAM, in his advertisement of the play now attracting its crowds to the Criterion Theatre, has this novel information:—"Doors open at 8; on wet nights 7.30." A very good idea. Why not annex to the Box Office an extra stall for the sale of waterproofs and umbrellas? Also, why not carry the idea further, and say, on very wet nights doors open at 7, and on the wettest possible nights at 6.30? Then the Criterion Restaurant, being under the same roof, might obtain a special keeping-open license for such exceptional weather, and some convivial spirits could take advantage of this to have "a very wet night of it," occasionally.

HOW TO FIX 'EM.—There is some evident distinction between an actor and a music-hall singer. Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER was good as both, but specially good as a music-hall comedian. His imitations are not ALBERT, they are "All-but" CHEVALIER. A theatre actor has a marked manner; the other has a music-hall-marked manner.

SO SIMPLE.—When is a fish like a streak of light? When it is a lamp-rey.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 29.—New Members growing quite accustomed to see their elders conversing with Chairman of Committee seated and wearing their hats. This custom in accordance with one of oldest, most important traditions that buttress foundations of British Empire. In circumstances of ordinary debate Member so conducting himself would be set upon with howls for "Order!" If he persisted, would be named and walled-in in Clock Tower. But it is ordered that when House has been cleared for Division, Member desiring to address Chair must so comport himself.

Thus BARTLEY to-night found himself opening *tête-à-tête* conversation with unwilling Chairman. Had just been censured by SQUIRE of MALWOOD, who threw into performance of public duty unmistakable gusto. BARTLEY having something to say, and not permitted to utter his thoughts upstanding and bareheaded, resolved to accomplish it otherwise. So kept his seat, pressed hat firmly o'er his manly brow, and observed, "Mr. MELLOR, Sir—" But he got no forrader. Like

Him who left half told

The story of CAMBUSCAN bold,

BARTLEY was at this point stumped. MELLOR snuffed him out with what Committee would like to regard as beginning of formation of habit of regularity and despatch. Everyone perceives this happy effect merely result of accident.

Had BARTLEY worn ordinary head-gear, he might have spent a few minutes in amicable conversation. But Committee in its mildest mood will not stand Member arguing with Chairman in a white hat, more particularly when hat is adorned with black band. Chairman, encouraged by roar of execration which greeted apparition of the hat, interrupted BARTLEY by putting question, and, before he quite knew where he was, Committee was dividing.

Business done.—Vote on Account through Committee.

Wednesday, 1 A.M.—House still sitting. Report of Supply exempt from Twelve-o'clock Rule; so House may, an' it please, sit all night. Am glad of opportunity for quiet meditation whilst DICKY TEMPLE and ACLAND discuss accommodation in schools and playgrounds. Fact is, WEIR just made maiden speech. House throbbing with delighted emotion. WEIR is its own peculiar possession, untranslatable, inexplicable, incommunicable. People who read Parliamentary reports, finding WEIR's rising to put question hailed with "cheers," every remark he makes echoed by "loud laughter," wonder where fun comes in? He says nothing beyond veriest commonplace; his inquiries are as trivial as they are frequent. Why should he delight six hundred gentlemen, forming in themselves microcosm of English society? Ah! you should see WEIR—our WEIR, the Only WEIR—when he rises to confound CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN with conundrum about cordite powder, or further whiten TREVELYAN's once raven locks with problem about the pathway at Pennicuik or Pitlochrie.

From below Gangway there slowly rises tall figure with tawny beard fringing a face of infinite solemnity. House knows it well; hilariously cheers; the face, slowly turning, regards with expression of far-away wonder the boisterous throng. How in a world so sad as this, with telegrams delayed on their way to fishmongers' shops, with irregularities in steam-boat communication in the Highlands, with rifles fouled by use of cordite powder, with Members wasting time by asking unnecessary questions—how can responsible human beings smile, much less laugh? All this WEIR dumbly says as he looks round on the merry throng. Whilst he does this he is not wasting precious time; is rummaging in recesses of his waistcoat for *pince-nez*; having found it, he slowly withdraws it, and, bringing it round with majestic gesture, raps it on his nose. Sometimes it won't affix itself; he pauses to wrestle with it; till it is in proper position no sound issues from his closed lips. When the strain is becoming too much for ordinary humanity, he, with slow movement, brings the question paper into



THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

focus, holding it in his left hand, whilst with his right he secures the wanton *pince-nez* throned on his haughty nose. Then through the hushed House rolls a voice the like of which was never heard on sea or land; solemn, reverberating, like the sea swinging at rest after a storm round Sanda, Stronsa and Westra, Isles of Orkney.



Sir R-ch-rd W-bst-r à la Française (on his return from his long sojourn in Paris).

"I beg to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, Ques-ti-on No. 33."

Simple words these; repeated, with slight variation, by a hundred Members in a sitting. No one conceives of what import they are capable till he hears them rolled forth in stern, sonorous voice, issuing from this tall figure, portentously upright, below the Gangway. A man fresh from witnessing a murder in the Lobby might come in and make brief announcement of the tragedy without thrilling the audience as WEIR does when he recites this prosaic formula. In capacity for making the human flesh creep, *Fat Boy* in *Pickwick* not in it with the elect of Ross and Cromarty.

Members, with premonitory shudder, turn to paper, to see what the question addressed to the hapless, perhaps sinning, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR may be. To the overstrained mind, Question 33 seems to stand out from prosaic list in letters of blood.

"How many cartridges, loaded with cordite powder and nickel-covered bullets, can be fired from the Metford regulation '303 barrel, before the same becomes worn, and unfit for accurate shooting?"

Looked at next morning, it seems to partake rather of character of conundrum; expect to find appended particulars of prize for successful guesser. This fresh testimony to magnetic influence of WEIR's personality; an influence to be felt in order to be appreciated. The supremest comic character on any stage; unique, but—alas! for those who never hear him—indescribable.

Business done.—Vote on Account passed Report stage. J. GALLO-WAY WEIR makes maiden speech.

Saturday Morning.—Member for Sark turned up last night. Haven't seen him lately; regret tempered by consideration that he is occasionally a little compromising. Blurts out things which others

may think, but judiciously leave unsaid. "I suppose you know, TOBY," he remarked just now, "who is the most dangerous opponent of progress with the Home-Rule Bill?"

"Certainly. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN."

"Wrong you are. It's Mr. G. Seems odd, I know, but it's the fact. JOEY C., I admit, is formidable adversary. He is the head and front, the inspiration and execution of deadliest opposition to the Bill. But his right hand man is Mr. G. He with charming innocency plays their game, which everyone else can see through half-closed eyes. Look what happens night after night, and hour after hour through the night. Some more or less inconsiderable person rises to move amendment undisguisedly obstructive. As RIBBY occasionally tersely puts it, 'either the provision proposed is already included in the Bill, or, if inserted, it would be impracticable.' That is a thing which SOLICITOR-GENERAL OF CHIEF SECRETARY might be left to say. Possibly silence were the most perfect answer; but courtesy requires some notice taken from Treasury Bench when amendment, however ridiculous, is moved to Government Bill. Is Mr. G. content with having such answer made? Not he. He's on his feet like a catapult; divides the subject into three courses, and sails eagerly up and down each, as if the fate of the Ministry were at issue. Inevitable consequence follows. Interposition of PRIME MINISTER raises standard of debate to his own level. PRINCE ARTHUR follows; JOEY C. generally joins in; JOEIM may have a word to say; and HENRY JAMES peradventure untaps the flood of legal and constitutional erudition. A mouse is born and lo! Mr. G. insists on treating it as if it were a lion. You remember what GOLDSMITH once said to JOHNSON—'If you were to make little fishes speak, they would talk like whales.' There is an analogy in Mr. G.'s dealings with the opposition to this Bill. He treats every trumpety amendment as if it were an organised and official vote of censure. He is a great man, but not a supreme General, since he lacks the faculty of devolution. He insists upon doing all the fighting himself, which, in addition to being unfair to his captains and lieutenants, will wear him out. He should hold himself in reserve, directing the fight rather than bearing all its burden on his back. I've been away, you know; brought back by these abominable Black Lists; but understood it was arranged that Mr. G. should take only a fair share of the work, remaining up to the dinner-hour, and thereafter leaving Bill in



T. H. B-I-t-n, with his Family of Twelve Little Amendments.

competent hands of JOHN MORLEY, with the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD at hand, in case of need. It will have to come to that in the end, TOBY, dear boy, and, if the end of all things is to be postponed, the sooner it is done the better."

Business done.—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill.

(NOT) HAND IN GLOVE.

[It is said that it is now becoming the fashion for ladies not to wear gloves at the theatre.]

SING a song of fickle Fashion,
Women following like sheep,
Theirs an all-consuming passion
All its foolish rules to keep.
But woman now—what degradation!—
Deserts the fashion that she loves,
And in the fight for admiration
She fights to-day without the gloves!

UNHAPPY PAIRS.—The parliamentary ones who, on the latest "Black List" system, got wigged by the *Times* and the *Daily News*, &c., for their Whitsun wanderings.

"DIPLOMACY."—Mr. JOHN HARE very wisely decided not to wear his Prince of WALES's scarf-pin to the Derby. The pin he actually wore was stolen, but it is reported that the thief was very angry at finding he had taken only an ordinary HARE-pin. This will now become a "HARE-loom" in the family.

CUI BONO?—To those who are querying why Lord SALISBURY spent his Whitsun holiday orating in Ireland, it has been suggestively (if vaguely) answered that "he doubtless did it with Ulsterior objects."

A DÉBUTANTE.—Last week the Dowager Duchess of SUTHERLAND "came out."

Lithpings from High Latitudeth.

Noble Lord loquitor:—

A VOTE on account for two month?
Bah! BALFOUR muth be a big dunth!
GLADSTONIAN gang are thuch rum unth.
They ought to be kept on short Commonth.
One comfort the thubject affordth:
They won't be kept long in the Lordth!

SUMMARY OF A LONG SPEECH BY A NOBLE LORD (From the Gladstonian point of View).—Large cry and little WOLMER!

A FIRST LESSON IN BOOK-KEEPING.—Never lend one.

CURIOUS OLD HIGHLAND WHISKIES

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SADDLE PASTE (WATERPROOF). S. & H. HARRIS, Manufactory: LONDON, E.

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POLISHING PASTE For Cleaning Metals and Glass.

IRISH CLOTHS (HOMESTONE—TRIKER—TWEED). for Gentlemen's COUNTRY SUITS, etc. the Length. Made by a Country Tailor, Gentlemen will find for the same they will get a suit in no way inferior as to quality to those supplied by the best West-End Sporting Tailors at 5 and 6 guineas and more. Vide "WATERLOO" page 111, and "FIVE." Sole London depot for the MANCHESTER and WATERLOO and several other Irish Mills. Patterns on application. **W. BILL, 31, Gt. Portland St., W.**

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